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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 7, 1850.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT ON LIFE.*

The author of this volume of religious discourses is more widely known as a contributor to magazines, and a public lecturer, than as a preacher. The preface informs us that these sermons were not written for pastoral purposes. They are, as they purport to be, "Discourses on Life," assuming now the form of the lecture, now of the sermon, and occasionally combining with these the meditative and easy flow of the essay, as the writer's moods have suggested.

It may be that to this freedom in the use of the form we are indebted for many of the best pages of this admirable volume; for the religious life is capricious in its literary manifestations, and does not always, as the old weariness in the churches indicates, appear at the call of him who writes with a parish upon his shoulders and a Sabbath at his heels; rather of him who in a day of clear, intense life feels moved to write, with no fear of the doctors, and no purpose save the expression of himself, the truth that successive years of thought and feeling have given him.

We value, therefore, more highly these discourses, because coming from a writer out of pulpit and pastoral relations, yet who knows the outer and inner world by such fulness of experience as has been granted to few preachers.

In estimating the value of this book it would be unfair to separate it from its author's personality. Those are fortunate indeed who can read it with the commentary of tones, looks, and gestures, which the friends of Mr. Giles especially will never wish to forget, and it is no disparagement to the writer to say this.

Mr. Giles was made to *speak* to men, and only before an audience is he in full possession of himself. Indeed, the practiced eye can see that these discourses were not written in solitude; for in his study he yet sat before that surging tide of human faces, and felt tingling through every nerve, the electric shootings of a thousand beating hearts.

Those who read his book with no thought of this will miss its interpretation; the voice that rolled its impetuous tide underneath these waves of thought and emotion, and bound reasoning and quiet humor, and sudden leap of fancy, and swift spiral ascent of passion, and the gushing of a deep heart into one whole discourse—the face even a more obedient servant of the spirit—and above all, that mysterious and instinctive feeling between the orator and his audience, which anticipated conclusions, plays with rhetoric, snaps chains of logic, and sweeps along speaker and hearer triumphantly from point to point, telling in secret what is not said, and leaving a sense of satisfaction which the printed words of the discourse will never impart to a critical reader. *Fortunate*, we say, then, are those who can *read* this book in Mr. Giles's personal atmosphere. It has revelations for them, which it has not for others; for things only hinted here, become plain enough with such a commentary. We make no apology for introducing this consideration. Any man has more about him than he can put into proof sheets; and years of intellectual, emotional, and imaginative life, may have conspired to modulating a tone, or drawing a line across the brow, or guiding he wave of an arm, lifted in a moment of enthusiasm above a listening assembly.

And the same consideration must come into our estimate of the author's style. It is the style of a man who always talks and writes to an audience—who is so sure of its sympathy that he will whisper in its ear what he can hardly say to his bosom friend. Hence its great simplicity; for he who can feel the heart of a multitude beating against his own, need not wrap himself in obscure or ambitious phrases. Hence its wonderful flexibility; now level, terse, airy, declamatory, undulatory, or, in higher moments, springing like a spire of flame from the earth, or reposing awhile on quiet uplands of contemplation; for all these moods does the soul of the speaker assume to his hearer. And here, too, is the explanation of its fulness, almost wordiness; this is not troublesome to an audience when a great man is behind the words. Yet its rare purity of diction is a beautiful proof of a delicacy of taste which never throws dust in that "well of pure English undefiled," which has too often in these latter days become a mineral spring, whose waters leave upon the palate unsavory reminiscences of a hundred new schools of literature and eloquence. To say that the style of these discourses is unsuitable, is then to question the spiritual instincts of a man whose life has been passed before appreciating audiences. Its apparent defects, sudden transitions, and incongruities, are often in obedience to more subtle laws than those taught by Whately and the Universities.

A thousand men in one room will soon tell a speaker how he must talk to them, though they only listen; and Mr. Giles has not been instructed by this great professor of rhetoric in vain.

It is not our purpose now to inquire how far these peculiarities of the author's literary position have modified his original mental tendencies; neither do we pretend, in the space here allotted us, to do justice to the various manifestations of his power. This would involve a criticism of his essays and lectures and other productions. Our intention is to indicate a few leading characteristics of his mind as they appear in the volume before us.

The first thing that impresses us in these pages is the author's firm grasp of moral principles. He feels the reality of the laws that make Christianity, and the facts upon which it is founded, as few men do. The of Worth of Man, the Value of Freedom, Reverence, Faith, and Forgiveness; the Purpose of Life, the Boundary Between Knowledge and Mystery: of these he is intensely conscious, and he writes always under the subduing or inspiring influence of such a consciousness. But we must think his appreciation of these facts is more vivid, as they appear in their outward manifestations, than in their interior spiritual relations. His eye turns more naturally outward, towards moral laws, incarnated in persons and events, than inward, towards the secret growth of the religious life. He is content to look upon truth, love, and beauty, and, through reverence and endeavor, grow unconsciously into their resemblance. He shrinks from exploring those perilous mazes of the inner life where the sharpest eye often fails, and the stoutest heart beats fast. Thus he fills us with a healthy and hearty admiration for excellence and a horror for sin, rather than reveals our own souls to us. We do not read and say: "Come see a man who told me all things that ever I did;" but we do come from him glowing with aspiration for every thing great, good, and lovely.

* Christian Thought on Life. In a series of Discourses. By Henry Giles, author of "Lectures and Essays." Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

The same tendency leads him to contemplate human life rather in its objective aspects and its results than its secret sources and subtle relations. Historical groupings in his pages naturally illustrate great principles, and his pictures from private life are usually copied from its common and obvious appearances. Nature, too, in its grander outlines, and its broad spaces of light and shadow, is the object of his love and reverent sympathy. In all these discourses we have the outward procession of life rather than the inward analysis.

There are few of those sentences which so often in Martineau flash a strong light into the deepest abysses of our souls. Yet, the author has lived deeply, as we discover from his mode of contemplating the outward, and we prize too highly the advantages of his method, to complain that he attempts not the more doubtful and difficult task of showing us ourselves.

The manner in which principles are apprehended depends upon the combination of intellect, imagination, and passion, in the nature. The intellect of Mr. Giles is broad, healthy, and generously appropriative, rather than critical, or metaphysical. Facts and opinions do not lie in such relations in his mind that we read every page as a step in the elucidation of a system; neither are we always satisfied by his attempts at metaphysical analysis; in truth, those pages seem to us the least valuable in the book. Neither do we look for delicate appreciation of the shades of personal character, or any very critical estimate of motives or actions. He deals with principles in their outlines; walks over long tracts of thought with a free step and a joyous mien, and is ever ready to welcome a new idea, without fear of disarrangement to his own mental furniture. We receive from his intellect a refreshing feeling of manliness and clear common sense in a greater degree than from that of any writer of sermons we know.

But the highest thing done by our author is always the [illegible] of his quick and generous sympathies. His heart is as wide as the race of man, and one throb of it will often bring him alongside of great masses to whose hearts he discourses with power. He bears us along upon the swift torrent of his passion with no fear of wreck; for emotion so healthy and comprehensive as his can always be trusted.

It is no small praise to say, that in a book abounding in passages of pathetic and exultant feeling, we cannot point to a line of unhealthy religious sentimentalism. His heart is as true as it is deep and tender. His power of intuition, united with an imagination which vividly realizes and pictures what is suggested by every other faculty, often conducts him to heights which men of far stronger and subtler intellects in vain attempt to scale. While he rarely reposes in those elevations of serene contemplation, where truth is seen in a white light, he is often poised a moment above the clouds, and gives report of strange and beautiful things there seen. A better combination of faculties could hardly be desired for a great popular preacher than this; an intellect generous and robust, as well as sensitive to delicate impressions; a heart on fire with passion for the great, and good, and beautiful; and an imagination pictorial, and kindling at the sight of new truth. While these are not, perhaps, the qualities of a great creative mind, they constitute a nature lying open on one side to the reception of all that is highest and best, and full of attractive power on the other to draw men up to their worthy appreciation.

We have no space for extracts—in truth, we prefer that our readers should buy the book and make their own. We, however, have read with peculiar pleasure the discourses on the "Guilt of Contempt," "David," "The Spirit of Christian Forgiveness," and those pages of calm and sweet reflection in "Evangelical Goodness" and "The Weariness of Life," which seem to us in the author's best manner of thought and expression. But every sermon contains stirring and eloquent passages; and we leave the book, heartily thanking the writer for having given us a new reverence for Christianity, more strength for action and endurance, and a firmer faith in His goodness, to whose glory powers so rare and commanding are here worthily consecrated. A. D. M.

For the National Era

BESSIE LINDSAY; OR, THE HOYDEN TAMED.

BY MARY IRVING.

[CONCLUDED.]

Three years and more had flown away. Charles Franklin's visits to his adopted home had grown more frequent and flying than the yearly ones of yore. Bessie was evermore his faithful correspondent, and her lively letters kept a well-spring gushing in the sober heart of his theological life. Three years had not left her a little girl, although they could not be said to have *sobered* her into womanhood. Wilful and winning as ever, she was almost dangerously fascinating in her young beauty and awakened wit. From the pupil of her cousin, she had risen to be the confidant of his every purpose—the sharer of his every joy and sorrow. Books were strong links in the chain that circumstances had thrown around their hearts. The dashes of her light pencil enlivened the margins of his "Shakspeare" and "Ivanhoe," and a lock from the brown braids of her hair lay nestling among the sublime mysteries of his "Paradise Lost."

Unconsciously, Charles had grown to regard her as something belonging to himself, and now the thought was at times most painful. His own vow at his mother's death-bed, and his own plans, purposes, and wishes ever since, had bound him to the self-denying life of a missionary. Was the thoughtless, wild-spirited girl a fitting candidate for the "Cross and Crown?" Yet he knew how strong was the tie that bound Bessie's heart to his; and he trusted firmly by this to draw it into the same path of self-denial. He sought not to break that tie. She had often told him—and her eyes had said more than her impulsive lips—"Cousin Charles! my destiny is in your hands; I shall be what *you* shall make me!"

Strong is the power of a mighty—a master-spirit. It bursts, with the sweep of the uncurbed ocean, over all obstacles, and bears down human hearts in myriads at its own wild will. But there is a point where Omnipotence saith to the mightiest human influence, as it said to that stormy wave, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy" pride "be stayed!" Charles had yet to learn the truth, that to angel or mortal was never delegated the power to touch the chord that draws the heart heavenward! His theological studies were ended, but circumstances offered to detain him a year from his destination; and it must be owned that the delay was a source of satisfaction hardly acknowledged to his "heart of hearts."

He was passing a week at his "home"—a week of trial, almost of despair; for Bessie's exuberance of wild spirits seemed never so fully at its height; and his own sank proportionately.

"Are you *never* serious, Cousin Bessie?" he asked, almost impatiently, one evening, when her mirthful pranks had broken through all the barriers by which he had sought to turn them into a quieter channel.

"Yes, sometimes—o' Sundays," returned the lively brunette, "when anybody but Parson W. preaches. By the way, Charley, if *you* will preach, I promise to look as demure as a psalm-book in the front gallery all day long!"

"But Bessie! Cousin Bessie"——

"But, my dear Cousin Charles, A. M.—which is, being interpreted, Master of the Art of long-facedness—I intend to bring an action for manslaughter at the next court against —— Seminary for killing the spirit of life in you! You used to be as lively as a woodlark, and now! it is enough to provoke a contrary creature like myself into a violent fit of risibility, even to look at you!"

"Bessie, will you hear me?"

"I have the floor, sir! and *my* sermon deserves its turn! Its theme might be stated thus: 'Laughing is absolutely essential to health and long life.' Dr. Combe for that—there is authority! Now to make the personal application in these words. You, my most esteemed and respected cousin, are convicted of committing slow suicide upon your physical frame! Do you never laugh now?" she added, with undiminished mirth.

"Incorrigible!" thought her cousin, as he looked her steadily and hopelessly in the face with an expression that at last startled her into some degree of attention.

"I do not often laugh. I cannot laugh to-day," replied he, at length. "Serious matters lie before me here," drawing from his pocket a letter, which he held, as if hesitating to unfold.

Bessie bounded to the ottoman, with a look of intense curiosity into the face that was fixedly bent toward the oak leaves of the carpet beneath.

"It is from B——, Bessie, and it calls me to my life-path sooner than I had anticipated."

If his object had been merely to sober his young listener, it was already attained. She sat with heaving chest, cheeks suddenly paled, and lips half parted, while, in the pause that followed his words, she breathed chokingly.

"You were not going for a year, Charles!"

"*All* my plans are altered, Bessie—I must leave; and I seek not—now—to stay. I must leave this dear home—to-morrow!" he added, calmly and distinctly, compressing his lips with a sudden firmness.

"To-morrow!" gasped the bewildered girl—No—*no!*"

"Be calm, Bessie!" said he, soothingly, taking her hand—though his own was cold as ice, and passive as though that ice had fallen upon his warm heart-pulses.

"You shall not—you cannot leave me, Cousin Charles!" exclaimed the impulsive being, throwing her arms around his neck and laying her sobbing, trembling head upon his throbbing heart. You! the only human being that ever understood me—that ever guided me—my only one! you are going to the heathen. I am worse than the heathen—I need you more than they all! Stay with me, Charles, or oh! if you *must* go, take me with you, cousin! Don't leave me in this world alone! I am not fit—" and the incoherent sentence died away on her quivering lips.

The countenance that bent above her's was contracted with agony for a moment, as Charles's arms closed around the victim of his own misguided hopes and dreams. But he spoke not, till he said, slowly and steadily—"Bessie! ask yourself—are you fit to be a *missionary's wife?*"

At that last word, Bessie unclasped her arms and rose to her full height. The fountain of tears was checked instantaneously; yet she did not faint, although her cheek was white and her lips colorless. It was as though a flash of lightning had transfigured her with those words from "the child to the woman." And woman's pride, and woman's dignity, came swelling in the full tide that burst from an almost breaking heart. She stood a moment in that sudden hush of the whirlwind, gazing, not on him, but on vacancy.

"*No!*" she exclaimed, while Charles looked on her with a vague terror. She turned from him, and walking firmly to the door, laid her hand upon the latch.

"Bessie, we do not part in anger?" cried Charles, as overcome by a sudden spasm at his heart, he sprang half-way toward her.

"She turned, and gave him one look—so full of reproach, yet so full of gratitude—so full of adoration, that he stood transfixed. Never, to his brightest dream, had she looked so bewilderingly beautiful—so soul-radiant—and it was for the *last time!* *Such* a glance might a spirit at the Gate of Life, fix on its departing guardian angel.

Each lived an age in that one moment. "We should count time by heart-throbs" It passed. Bessie grasped the latch—her hand trembled upon it; but she was gone. Too proud to be pitied of mortal, she buried herself in the recesses of her chamber, and—but we may not intrude there.

And Charles. He was not less the sufferer that he had drilled his heart into a life-long subjection to a higher aim. Not less a sufferer—for he could not look on this wreck of hope and say, "I woke not the winds and waves to 'whelm my bark of happiness." He had grasped a chair convulsively, and when the door closed between him and *her*, he moved toward the window.

——"A moment o'er his brow
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded as it came."

He clasped his hands over his heart, and looked up to Heaven—"*Is the sacrifice complete, oh! Father?*"

Two months later, Charles, in his lonely state-room in a vessel bound for the dark shores of Asia, unsealed the trunk where his kind sisters had deposited their last gifts. A bundle of stout "socks," from Aunt Hetty's own swift fingers, together with "comforters" of many a hue—a beautiful pair of shades from Mary, and a valuable portfeuille from Theresa, (now "settled in life" near her childhood's home), received for each his silent thanks, as did the choice books which constituted the greater part of the precious cargo. But a little package in one corner arrested his eye, and he opened it hesitatingly. Envelope after envelope unrolled, and the last contained a card with these words only:

"I would give you *oblivion of myself*, if I could forgive and *forget*. BESSIE."

"Forget!" he echoed, as he bowed his head upon his closely-clasped hands. For many minutes he silently communed with the world invisible, till its calmness fell like a mantle over his soul. He quietly arose, and placed the card with his mother's miniature.

"Bessie! what has changed you so?" exclaimed Mary, one evening, six months later, as Bessie knelt by her sick chair to administer a bowl of her own inimitable gruel.

Bessie dropped her eyes, but forced a light laugh.

"You were wild as a hawk, and twice as restless, a year since," Mary went on. "Now you surprise me every hour, by something so unlike your former self. Why, you are making Aunt Hetty quite amiable by your conciliativeness, and you are the dearest nurse to me, sweet sister mine."

Bessie's lips might have quivered a little, but the invalid felt it not as they pressed her pale cheek silently; and the young sister went down into the little parlor. It was the sunset hour of a summer Sabbath day. Her white-haired father sat in his "old arm-chair," holding up the ponderous family Bible to his failing eyes. A halo from the cloud-curtain of the western skies rested upon his "hoary head like a crown of glory."

"Shall I read to you, father?" asked the daughter, gently seating herself upon the stuffed arm of the easy chair.

"Thank you, dear, it's getting dim for me," was the tender reply of the warm-hearted old man. In a mellow tone she breathed out the beautiful words of inspiration. She paused at last. She laid the volume on its three-cornered stand, and coming again to her father, wreathed her white fingers in the whiter locks that time had spared his temples.

"Father!" she timidly spoke.

"Well, my dear, what is it?"

"Father! I have been thinking of leaving you—of going away to teach."

"Why, my darling, is not the old house large enough for us all?"

"Oh, yes, father, but—"

"But what?"

"But it seems to me that I ought to be accomplishing something in this busy world."

"You are, my daughter; you are making the sunshine of an old man's declining days. God bless you and direct you, Bessie! but I should miss you more than heart can tell."

Tears came crowding to Bessie's eyelids; she dropped two upon the broad forehead of the old man, and then turning suddenly, went out into the little verandah.

Twilight had hidden the sunset gleam—a shadow was falling upon the world, and it fell on her heart too. She clasped her hands, and looked up to the whispering elms; then suddenly pressed them over her still damp eyelids.

"I *must* not stay here!" she exclaimed, "every breeze, every leaf, whispers to me what I would forget. Dear ties bind me here, but the tie of duty is not among them. I *will not* be a pining sentimentalist—I *cannot* be a stoic! Charles I will go where your memory shall not speak to me thus—night, noon, and morning."

A month from that hour, Bessie was a hundred miles away. She had obtained a situation in a flourishing seminary, of which, in a year's time, she became the energetic and valued principal. Was she happy? Who ever sought happiness in action, where action and duty were synonymous, and found it not?

"It is not good for man to be alone"—and this Charles Franklin had proved, long ere, worn to feebleness by unrelaxed toil under a burning sun, he came again to breathe the bracing winds of his native sky. He stood on deck while the first of America's shore grew dark on the world of waters—cheerfully, not buoyantly gazing—for few ties bound him to it. There was a memory of Bessy Lindsay next his heart; but it was a memory—not a hope. What destiny might have written for her, he knew not. He had heard of a change in her aims for this life, and her hopes for another, before a year had parted them. Two years had passed since then. He had often silenced the dream voice in his heart, by saying, "Her pride would conquer her love. Even were she all that I once thought to make her, Bessie Lindsay would never *twice* place her hand in [illegible]"

Yet he sought his adopted home—he could not do otherwise. The good farmer was hoary and infirm, but he welcomed him with a father's blessing. There was a joyful commotion in the little household, for it was *little* now. Mary was there, more sisterly than ever; and Bella, a beauty and a blonde, kept the walls alive by her own liveliness. The rest of the sisters had long since gone the way of this marrying world. Aunt Hetty had found in the "old churchyard" the rest she never sought in life.

All—but Bessie. "You must not go without seeing her," said the old man. She is the flower of my heart—the darling of my old age. I have never forgotten your care of her, Charles. You ought to—*must* see her."

"I *will* see her," said Charles to himself. "I will see her, and blot out her memory with her indifference."

Charles sat in the study of the clergyman of C——, on a day not long succeeding the last date, and aroused a eulogium that might have canonized a saint in the middle ages, as he casually inquired for the youthful Principal's welfare.

"Thank God, that she has risen to crush trial beneath her!" responded his heart.

"You could not find a better *wife*, young friend, concluded the minister, with that glance of peculiar curiosity to which the young missionary had often been painfully subjected, in his wanderings.

Charles replied by a laconic bow, and a slightly ironical smile "Thank you, sir. The lady is a cousin of mine—I might say, an adopted sister."

"Ah! well," returned his well-meaning adviser," I need not then proclaim her excellencies in your ear. We are by no means desirous to part with the jewel of our town. The clock strikes; will you accompany me, sir, to my Thursday lecture, and relieve me by conducting its exercises? Miss Lindsay is its constant attendant, and she will be there."

Charles Franklin had not thought that his pulse could vibrate again as he felt it away, when he seated himself upon the platform of that Assembly-room. It was a summer evening. There was a quietness in the air—a quietness in the willow-boughs that almost drooped within the open windows. He scanned piercingly each face that, entering, took in freshness from the crimson curtains of the sunset sky. Bessie Lindsay, with her own gentle though elastic step, and a countenance as radiant with calm joyousness as the glowing heaven itself, came soon along the aisle, buried in her own quiet thoughts.

The simple evening service commenced—and at the first low word, Bessie lifted her eyes, to meet the gaze of those over whose memory the moss of years had grown green in her heart. A quick throb of that heart told how deeply rooted had been that memory; but she hushed its heaving emphatically. Shading her closed eyes with her hand, she communed with the voice of Reason, till the sunbeam shone again unclouded in her countenance. Cheerfully, cordially, each met each at the door, and gave and returned an old friend's grasp of the hand.

The next morning's call—I need not say that it was dreaded on both sides; but it must be met; and so Bessie advanced frankly to meet Charles as he entered the door of her elegant little parlor, and held out both hands to welcome him. With the inimitable grace of an accomplished woman she seated herself at his side, and blended cordial inquiries after the home-circle with many questions upon the history of the past three years At length an awkward pause intruded itself, such as frequently falls in between two persons who know, or have once known, a great deal of each others' hearts. A certain indefinable dread of saying either too little or too much, strikes both into dumbness. Bessie was the first to break this, with a touch of her frank, olden gaiety.

"There is an iceberg of embarrassment between us, Cousin Charles, and it must be thawed away. I laid its foundations, and I must be the first to attack them, I suppose. Forgive me for alluding, *once only*, to an hour that you cannot have forgotten. I do so, merely that its memory may be thornless in your heart. Cousin, I owed you more than life—all that made life valuable you woke in my heart; and when that heart gave itself to you unsought"—

Charles would have interrupted her, but she hurriedly, almost proudly, went on.

"The girlish folly was a sincere one; but it has not passed away without leaving a baptism on the heart it swayed, more purifying than that of fire Its tendrils had all been entwined round an earthly prop. When rent from that, they turned Heavenward. Cousin, none but you could have taught me that lesson—the lesson to love the Creator more than the created; and all the happiness which this lesson learned has shed upon my life, I owe to you, under kind Heaven! For this, most of all, I would thank you, and would bid you dismiss every regretful remembrance of the trial which alone could have tamed into submission the wild turbulence of my nature. Shall we not *now*, be again the friends that we once were?" exclaimed she, extending her hand to her cousin.

"Not till you have heard *me*, Bessie," responded her listener, burying nevertheless the offered pledge of reconciliation in his own manly hand. "Not until you have allowed me to correct a misapprehension of yours, at the risk even of your displeasure. You gave not your 'heart unsought.'"

"Let the dead Past bury its dead!" returned the lady, almost haughtily, yet with color heightening in her expressive countenance.

"I know that *pride* is the last enemy which remains to be conquered in your heart, Bessie! You tell me—and your lips never spoke words not of truth—you tell me that my influence over your spirit has been strong to subdue its conscious waywardness. Bessie, it is for you to answer! Shall I challenge the last mighty passion there?"

Bessie sat motionless, with drooping eyelids, whose trembling told only of the inward struggle that was working out her destiny. She did not answer—in words—and we may not answer for her!

Yet there was an answer given, at the altar of a little country church, when Bessie—no longer Bessie Lindsay—placed her hand in that of the guide of her youth.

"You have stolen away an old man's treasure, Charley!" spoke the old father, half chidingly, wiping his dim eyes with a hopeful smile. "Well, take her, with mine and Heaven's best blessing! Heaven gave her to you in her childhood, Charles! You shall keep her for your own forever!"

Bessie looked up into the eyes that rested on her tear-gathering face with the deep devotion of the missionary's bride—"Where thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, I will die; and there will I be buried!"

Where the mountains of Hindostan burn in the blaze of a torrid sun—where, under palm-shaded roofs, cluster, night and morning, groups of ignorant, dark-browed and dark-minded beings, in the light of an all-enduring, all-hoping, teacher's smile—we may not follow the once "little hoyden." We will only pour out the best, most fervent wishes of our hearts on such as her, who voluntarily transplant themselves from our civilized "garden of the world," to make "the wilderness blossom as the rose."

For the National Era.

THE SPIRIT-HAUNTED.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

O'er the dark woods, surging, solemn,
Hung the new moon's silver ring;
And in white and naked beauty,
Out from Twilight's luminous wing,
Peered the first star of the eve—
'Twas the time when poets weave
Radiant songs of love's sweet passion,
In the loom of thought sublime,
And with throbbing, quick pulsations
Beat the golden web of rhyme.

On a hill side wide and lonesome,
Bending toward the fearful wave,
Whose cold billows aye keep dropping
Through the still door of the grave,
Where the lip from love is bound,
And the forehead napkin-crowned;
On a hill-side, where like ruins
Slanted columns of pale fire,
And the mist from off life's river
Quivered like a glittering wire
O'er the white arm of some maid
Muffled in the folding shade:

Once, ah me! I once beheld him
Whom no mortal love could bind,
From a path of desolate grandeur
Beating back the chilling wind;
Sinking, as he onward prest,
Death's sharp arrow in his breast.
In the leash of an enchantment
Followed his black spaniel, ghoul,
Cowering toward the rocky kennels
[illegible]
While his hunger-glittering eyes
Burned like fire that never dies.

Into silence his pale fingers
Crushed the sweet chords of his lyre,
Like a phantom-hand caressing
Some lost meteor's mane of fire;
While his heart made vocal night
Knocking at the gates of light
On a dream of awful splendor
His wound-weary soul was stretched,
And across the heart's pale ruins
Winged imaginations reached
O'er the glory and the gloom
Of that birth chamber, the tomb.

As the poor hind hunted, panting,
On the weary chase for hours,
In some wilderness of beauty
Winds its silver horns with flowers;
Gathered he deep peace unsought
In the glorious realms of thought.
In a tower, shadow-laden,
With a casement high and dim,
Years agone there dwelt a maiden,
Loving, and beloved by him.
But while rifling Hybla's bees
A bold masker crossed the seas.

Then, her bosom softly trembling,
Like a star in morning's light,
Faithless to her mortal lover
Fled she forth into the night—
For her a great feast was spread
In the Kingdom overhead.
Wo, O wo! for the abandoned,
Dim his mortal steps must be,
Death's high-priest his soul has wedded
Unto immortality!
Twilight's golden fall, or morn,
Finds him, leaves him, weary, lorn.

Weary, lorn, I once beheld him,
With his wild eyes full of light,
Under midnight's roof of planets
Fretting with his smile the night;
As each vision, fancy-wooed,
Faded back to solitude.
Sometimes by the lonely sea side,
Sometimes in the wilderness,
Half his rapture-shaken bosom
Feels again the lily press
Of a white arm, vain, 'tis vain—
Round him darkness aches again.

In her cave lay Silence hungry
For the beauty of his song;
Echoes locked from mortal waking
Trembled as he passed along,
And for love of him pale maids
Leaned like lilies from the shades.
But the locks of love unwinding
From his bosom as he might,
Buried he his soul of sorrow
In the cloud-dissolving light
Of the spirit peopled shore
Ever, ever, evermore.

For the National Era.

CONSUMPTION OF THE PRODUCTS OF SLAVE LABOR IN ENGLAND.

The abolition of slavery in the British West India islands was preceded by strenuous and successful efforts to induce the people of Great Britain to disuse the products of slave labor. These efforts originated mainly with those who call themselves "Friends," among whom have always been found earnest, patient, and persevering advocates of the suffering slave. Within the past year a new and vigorous movement has commenced in England, which in the result may largely interest this country.

Coffee, rice, and sugar, of the product of free labor, can without difficulty be obtained; but the question from whence free cotton can be had, has been one of difficult solution. The efforts in India to grow the better qualities, are not as yet successful, but there is some improvement, even there. There is also a probability that cotton will be largely produced in other British possessions. In Jamaica and other West India islands, many plantations have been commenced, and are reported as doing well. From Port Natal, South Africa, samples of cotton have been received, valued by brokers in England as worth one shilling per pound; and an influential colonist writes—"From one tree of the green seed variety, that I have growing in anything but a good situation near my house, I have gathered full six and a half pounds annually for the last three years, (about three pounds the first year.) Six pounds of cotton, as it comes from the tree, yields two pounds of clean cotton. One thousand such trees can be grown on an acre of ground."

There is also in this country a Free Produce Association, the organ of which is the "*Non-Slaveholder,*" published in Philadelphia. It is a paper of admirable spirit, and has contained a great amount of information as to that portion of the population of the slave States who hold no slaves, and who, if they knew their strength, as many of them already know their rights and interests, would speedily overturn slavery.

Recent letters from England state that the Rev. Dr. Pennington and the Rev. H. H. Garnet (both once slaves in this country,) are now discussing the question of the disuse of slave-grown produce before English audiences. The organization in England is very active and efficient, and it seems probable that it will be able to lessen the demand for slave-grown cotton. In the effort to do so, no war is proclaimed against this country, or even against the South; nay, the enterprise is already, to some extent, appreciated and befriended by the non-slaveholders of the South, who have furnished some hundreds of bales of free cotton, and are ready and anxious to make arrangements for a largely increased supply.

W. E. W.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

In Pettigrew's Medical Portrait Gallery, Part V, are the following amusing anecdotes of the celebrated surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper:

He received, perhaps, the largest fee given at one time for an operation. It was upon an old gentleman, named Hyatt, who was a resident in the West Indies; and when he arrived at the age of seventy, being afflicted with stone in the bladder, determined on going to England, to undergo an operation for its removal. It was performed with his accustomed ability; and upon visiting him one day, when he was able to quit his bed, he observed to his surgeon that he had feed his physician, he had not yet remunerated his surgeon. He desired to know the amount of his debt, and Sir Astley stated "Two hundred guineas!"

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I sha'nt give you two hundred guineas—there—that is what I shall give you," taking off his night-cap, and tossing it to Sir Astley.

"Thank you, sir!" said Sir Astley; "anything from you is acceptable," and he put the cap into his pocket.

Upon examination it was found to contain a check for one thousand guineas.

One other anecdote must be related, as singularly illustrative of his character.

Mr. Steere consulted Sir Astley at his own residence, and having received his advice, departed without giving the usual fee. Sir Astley took no notice of this, but gave him his assistance cheerfully, under a feeling that he was a gentleman who had seen better days, but who was now in indifferent circumstances. Shortly after, however, Sir Astley received a note, acquainting him that on going to the Stock Exchange, he found that he had some omnium, which he had disposed of, and that he had taken the liberty to put £3,000 of it in his name; and finding that it had soon after risen, he took the further liberty of selling it for him, and now sent the difference, which was £63 3s.

Sir Astley's amount of fees far exceeds that of any member of the profession. In one year he received no less a sum than £21,000, and for many years from £15,000, upwards. His patients have comprised all classes of society, and his friendship was bestowed equally on the wealthy and the indigent.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT—BISHOP BASCOM.

BALTIMORE, *September*, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era:

I have just been reading the life of Mahomet, by Washington Irving, and it set me to thinking upon the poor rewards of literature in this country, and merely for the want of an international copyright. I remember being in Washington when Mr. Irving was appointed Minister to Spain. The *on dit* there was, that he had only asked for a legationship, but that the President, in consideration of his high reputation, and the honor his name had conferred upon the American literature abroad, nominated him minister, as above.

The politicians about Washington—M. C.'s and Senators—not all, at least many of them, pleased with Irving's appointment, as they seemed to think that such places should be bestowed upon those who had performed party duty—as if he who had adorned the literature of his country was not above the doer of party work. They affected to think that Irving's vocation as a "follower of literature" had unfitted him for such a position—forgetting, or being ignorant of the fact, that some of the leading men in English and French diplomatic history were from the literary class. Prior, the poet, was a capital diplomatist, and so was Sir William Temple; and I believe it is not asserted that Guizot's literary attainments interfered with his statesmanship. Somebody said of Dean Swift, or may be he said it of himself, that he preached politics. This might have interfered with his clerical duties, but he certainly was a statesman, while he was the most original literary genius of the day.

Since Irving's mission, Bancroft has filled one to England with eclat, though he did write the history of his country. And while Mr. Irving was our minister, he not only fulfilled all his duties at the Court of Spain, to the satisfaction of his countrymen, but he found time to revise this life of Mahomet, which he had previously written—a work which perhaps few politicians abroad or at home could write so well.

Almost all the leading statesmen of France are literary men—commenced their career as litterateurs; and Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful did not prevent his being the most prophetic statesman of his day; nor did Canning's contributions to the Anti-Jacobin, and his literary indulgences, take from his skill as a leader in the politics of his country. Lord Brougham can testify that Canning's wit sharpened by such uses, had a keenness and a point which have left a sore place in his Lordship's memory. But enough of this. Why have we not an international copyright? Our country is flooded with foreign republications, most of them of a pernicious tendency, upholding institutions and presenting a state of morals incompatible with the well-being of a Republic, while American literature goes a begging for a publisher. The cause of this is evident. If American publishers can get Bulwer's and Dickens's and Thackeray's publications for nothing, they are not disposed to pay anything to an American author. They can get Eugene Sue's works translated for a few dollars, and make their tens of thousands by flooding the country with them. I say nothing of those reprehensible publications, fit only for the outcasts of society and their associates, which the book-boys hawk about in public, and press upon the travellers at every depot, upon the clerks at every counter, upon the sojourners at every hotel, and, in fact, upon the wayfarers in every street.

To use a simple illustration: If one can dine at the best hotel, on the best viands, for twenty-five cents, he is not willing to give more to a hotel less famous for good things, and where the fare is higher, and the courtesy not so distinguished. So, while the publishers can serve Bulwer and Boz and Thackeray up so cheaply to their customers, they will not pay Cooper or Irving much, merely to Americanize their bill of fare. But, with an international copyright law, English authors could command a price here, and ours could command a price in England. As it is now, the foreign authors supply both markets—for they get high pay for their works at home; many of a literary talent have to seek some other than a literary field for bread, for they get scarcely anything at home, and nothing abroad, for their works.

If we had an international copyright law, every author in Great Britain would avail himself of it, for no one publishes a book without expecting to have readers. At the same time, only such English writers as Bulwer and Dickens and Thackeray could obtain a very high price in this country for their publications; while other authors, having availed themselves of the international copyright, the republication of their works would be interdicted. Then American authors could present themselves with their manuscripts, and enter into a fair competition—for, until a foreign author had established a reputation in his own land at least, our publishers would not give him anything for his copyright. In the mean time, our literature would grow up around us and among us, and a taste for it would be established.

In mechanics, in statesmanship, and at the bar, our talent compares with that of England, to say the least of it, and we fall so far behind in a literary point of view because our men of literary talent have to seek some other field of labor to live. When we speak of American authors it must be remembered that, perhaps, not one of them, except Irving, has supported himself by his pen; and Irving, be it remembered, wrote his most popular works when the publishers on both sides of the water paid him liberally, before the system of cheap publications took root in our land, and when what now sells for twenty-five cents sold for two and three dollars.

It may be objected, that if the system of cheap publications were abolished that the people of our country would be deprived (the great mass of the people) of that source of reading so necessary to their moral and intellectual improvement, and which now is in fact a want with them. Firstly: there is not much moral or intellectual improvement in the mass of cheap publications to anybody. And secondly; the whole world of existing literature, would be open to the cheap publishers still. It would only be the copyright works of living authors, which, if their authors chose, would be secured to them in both countries.

We hear of an Industrial Convention of all nations, to be held in London; and who does not approve of it? Suppose that a congress of nations should be held upon this copyright question—what do you think they would say of us who applaud such a man as Walter Scott to the echo, circulate and read hundreds of thousands of copies of his works, behold our publisher making hundreds of thousands of dollars by their sale, and know, at the same time, that their illustrious author is actually writing himself to death to pay his debts, and will not permit him to make one cent by the sale of his publications in the United States. What would they say of us?

As long as we can steal our brooms ready made, we are content. But a time of sterner justice unto all men is coming. God speed it!

In my last communication I mentioned being taken by my good aunt, when I was quite a child, to hear Mr. Summerfield preach to the children. Summerfield is now long since dead, and Mr. Bascom, who was then his great pulpit rival here, if the word *rival* may be used in such a category, is now dead also. The last mail brings us the news that he died in Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. Bascom, as is known to your readers, was last summer created a Bishop of the Methodist Church, South. In fulfilling his first tour of duty as a Bishop he caught the bilious fever, and after lingering many weeks, with every effort in his behalf that medical skill and friendship and brotherhood could devise, he yielded to the fate which awaits all of us.

Bishop Bascom and Summerfield were entirely different in their oratory. The one was the storm, the other the sunshine. The delicate and fragile form of Summerfield contrasted strongly with the athletic and powerfully developed frame of Bascom, and so was it with their eloquence.

Bishop Bascom will be a great loss to his church. For, however wide may be the opinions expressed as to the position he took with the church South, all agree that he was a pulpit orator of great gifts. Bishop Bascom's style as a writer was not in good taste; he was too fond of high-flown and far-fetched metaphors, and he was never content unless he was using adjectives in the superlative degree—his praise or his censure was always in extremes, and he expressed himself in long parenthetical and evolved sentences often hard to the comprehension. This same *fault*, though in a less degree, exhibited itself in his oratory. His eloquence was sometimes turgid and forced, and he seemed determined to lash himself and his audience into excitement; but still he was brilliant, pointed, full of knowledge and illustration, and fearful in the force and directness of his declamation. His fluency was great, though the listener could not escape the conviction that much of his sermon was studiously prepared and committed to memory.

When a boy, I remember Bishop Bascom's personal beauty. He was tall, well set, with a careless ease of manner, in fact, dashed with a good deal of the Kentucky don't-care, which certainly had no clerical primness in it, but which was as certainly very taking. He was staying then at the house of Mr Kelso, a leading Methodist in Old Town, and it was his wont to walk the pavement very much in apparent abstraction. I could not but think there was a little harmless consciousness about him, when he saw the passer-by halt to gaze at the distinguished preacher.

He drew crowds, as did Summerfield, though it was generally Summerfield who drew the largest crowd, particularly of ladies. Mr. Bascom never was a ladies' man, which so many preachers are—as was Summerfield. Bascom's published volume of sermons shows much greater intellectual force than Summerfield's, but Summerfield's "Sermons and Sketches of Sermons," it must be remembered, were never written for publication, and were published after his death; they, however, offend good taste less than Bascom's.

Bishop Bascom has fulfilled his mission nobly. In the volume of his sermons, published about a year since, he mentioned that he had other manuscript sermons that he might or might not give to the public, according to circumstances. It is to be hoped that his executors will have no doubt on the subject; and it is to be further hoped that unto some one worthy of the task, who will make it a labor of love, his manuscript and letters may be confided, so that a truthful and appreciative memoir of this distinguished Methodist orator may be given to the world. T.

DIVORCE IN CONNECTICUT.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford attended the House of Representatives last spring to read prayers, and being politely requested to remain seated near the Speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following:

IMPROMPTU

Addressed by a priest to the Legislature of Connecticut.

"For cut-ting all connect-ions famed
Connect-i-cut is fairly named!
I twain *connect* in one, but you
Cut those whom I *connect* in two.
Each Legislature seems to say,
What you CONNECT-I-CUT away."—*Calendar.*

A SECOND ULYSSES.

An old man, of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the police court in Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business do you follow, Wilmot?"

"Business? None! I'm a traveller."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong—travellers and vagabonds are much the same thing. The difference is, that the *latter* travel without *money*, and the *former* without *brains*."

"Where have you travelled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at."

"Umph! and what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing, a workingman who believes in the sympathies of professional gentlemen, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

"Oh, I perceive you are an utterer of pithy sentences; now, I am about to utter one that will surprise you"

"A pithy sentence from your honor would indeed be a matter of astonishment."

"My sentence is, that you discontinue travelling for the term of thirty days, while you rest and recruit yourself at Moyamensing," (the county prison.)

This retort was a poser; and Mr. Wilmot submitted to the requirements of the "vagrant act," and retired from the hall of justice, in company with a sheriff, without uttering a syllable.

STICKING TO ONE'S RIGHTS.

Old stories very often have a forcible application to present times. The following anecdote we met with lately in an exchange paper.

"How is it, John, that you bring the wagon home in such a condition?"

"I broke it driving over a stump."

"Where?"

"Back in the woods, half a mile or so."

"But why did you run against the stump? Couldn't you see how to drive straight?"

"I did drive straight, sir, and that is the very reason that I drove over it. The stump was directly in the middle of the road."

"Why, then, did you not go round it?"

"Because, sir, the stump had no right in the middle of the road, and I had a right in it."

"True, John, the stump ought not to have been in the road, but I wonder that you were so foolish as not to consider that it was there, and that it was stronger than your wagon."

"Why, father, do you think that I am always going to yield up my rights? Not I; I am determined to stick up to them, come what will."

"But what is the use, John, of standing up to rights, when you only get a greater wrong by so doing?"

"I shall stand up for them at all hazards."

"Well, John, all I have to say is this: hereafter you must furnish your own wagon."

In the political world there is a very large and ugly stump, placed directly in the middle of the high road over which our great legislative wagon has to pass. What is worse, too, some of our Southern fellow-citizens helped the North to place the stump exactly in its present position, or rather to dig away the earth which had previously hidden it. These very same politicians now insist in driving directly over the stump, because it is in the middle of the road, it being one of their undoubted rights to use that portion of the highway. Little care they whether the wagon is broken or not in the passage—they insist on their rights at all hazards. Would it not be proper for them to reflect upon the agency they had in giving the stump its present position, before they put in practice their threats to break the wagon upon it, merely because those who helped them to put it there, fancying it a great improvement to the highway, will not assist in its removal?

There is one thing very certain; the people who own the vehicles that travel over this road, will take very good care that their rash drivers in future "*must furnish their own wagons*"—*Natchez Courier.*

Mr. John H. Woodgate, of New York, has arrived in Baltimore, with the funds necessary to purchase the freedom of Hamlet, the fugitive slave.